

**Pretty Purple
Bruises and Ugly
Pink Lines**

Sad Boys Series - I

yallreddieforthis

Pretty Purple Bruises and Ugly Pink Lines by yallreddieforthis

Series: Sad Boys Series [1]

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Abuse, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Bruises, Child Abuse, Crying, Cuts, Eddie is vry vry sad for his boy, First Kiss, Hugs, Hurt/Comfort, Implied/Referenced Abuse, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Kissing, M/M, Physical Abuse, Self-Harm, Triggers

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Richie comes to Eddie's window when he needs to get away from his parents. One night he comes because he needs to get away from himself.

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Author's Note:

Hello! This is the beginning of my brand new angst series that I'm naming my Sad Boys Series because I like stupid titles (obviously)

Now, HUGE trigger warnings for this one. I have a strong past with self-harm and writing about it actually helps me in some ways but if it triggers you in any way to harm yourself or even cause you any sort of emotional distress I HIGHLY suggest you don't read this because I really don't want anyone to be hurt by this. Please, don't ever do anything to hurt yourself or others.

Read notes at the end for news relating series, my writing, and all that jazz.

Eddie and Richie had fallen into a routine.

A few times a week in the middle of the night, Eddie would be half asleep when he would start to hear the gentle tapping of pebbles against his unlocked window. He would pull himself out of bed and tiredly open it and let Richie in—or a murderer, Eddie was always so sleepy he would never know the difference. Richie would either show up with pale, tear-stained cheeks or pretty purple bruises coming to replace the ones that had healed a few weeks ago. And then Eddie got to play nurse.

He would pull out the first aid kit that he just left under his bed at this point, he would sit Richie down on the chair in the corner of his room and then he would start to clean him up without any questioning. He knew Richie wasn't good with confrontation and

would probably just make a joke about the whole thing so he never asked questions or tried to figure out what happened, he just cleaned the cuts on his lips and played his part in this silent agreement they had made since the first time it happened.

Eddie knew Richie didn't have a very good home life. He knew that. But they were only 15 and it's not like Eddie could just call the cops on Richie's parents and have him sent how knows where (besides, the cops in Derry would never notice a clear case of child abuse if it slapped them across their slobbery faces), and Eddie couldn't possibly try to speak to his parents himself. Richie only let Eddie come over during the periods of time where his parents would unexpectedly take off for days at a time or when his dad was at work and his mom was passed out drunk, so the very few interactions he had with them told him all he needed to know. The one time he actually saw his father (*not* out cold for once, but still drunk) he started shouting nonsense at Richie who had to pull a very frightened Eddie out of the house. So he was aware of the violence.

What he wasn't aware of was what he was about to find out that night.

Eddie was almost completely asleep in bed, snuggled tightly in two blankets due to the autumn cold and a pillow clutched to his chest. He was startled at the sudden noise pulling him out of his sleep from what sounded like several rocks being thrown at once at his window. He opened it up with a thick book in front of his face in case the rocks kept being thrown in the dark and he got hit—and yes, this came from experience—and after a moment when he was sure nothing else was being tossed in his direction he lowered it and squinted to try and see Richie. The boy started climbing in

immediately so he stumbled backward, thinking he just wanted to get out of the cold.

Eddie saw a cluster of bruises on his face and thought that it was just another argument with his dad. Richie sat down and his lip was trembling. His whole body was shaking. '*The cold*' he tried to reassure himself again. He sighed softly and grabbed the box from under his bed but when he brought up a cloth to his face Richie shakily stretched his arm out for him and lifted his sleeve up instead.

Eddie was suddenly presented with the sight of three thick bloody lines contrasted against milky white skin. The cuts were deep enough for Eddie to tell why Richie came to him, but what was really bothering Eddie was the mess of horizontal lines littering his arm. Some were faded and some seemed only days old, just the sight made him dizzy. Eddie told himself that maybe his parents had done this to him but his subconscious was loudly screaming otherwise.

Eddie quickly ran out to wet the cloth and came back to try and clean all the blood. He got down on his knees to clean them close up but his hands were shaking wildly. He felt terrible since Richie should be the one upset, yet here Eddie was letting out choked up sobs every few minutes as he tried to erase and burn every image in his mind of his best friend hurting himself but they just. Kept. Coming.

Eddie felt terrible. Eddie felt his insides melt into lava and burn a hole through his heart. Eddie felt his skin crawl as he pictured the pain that came with every single one of these faded pink lines. Eddie felt bile in the back of his throat as he tried to stop himself from being sick. Eddie felt the skin of his bottom lip tear while he bit down so hard on it to hold back tears.

But most of all Eddie felt guilt. Guilt that he hadn't noticed. Guilt that *none* of them had noticed. The way Richie started to wear long sleeves in the summer. The way he wouldn't take off his shirt when they went swimming. The way he would wince each time they grabbed his arm to pull him somewhere. How come he didn't notice? How come he never thought to fucking ask? How long ago could this have been prevented if they weren't so goddamn closed in about their feelings?

Richie began like he was going to start speaking but Eddie let out a strangled gasp of air as he burst into tears for his best friend. The boy he grew up with. The boy who taught him how to live without fear. All of the scraped knees, movie nights, bike rides, and breakdowns. Even the bad times were good memories because he was there. The boy who made the time fly by and made him wish the days lasted centuries. The boy who had teased him and joked with him and had toughened him up. The boy he had fallen in love with.

Richie pulled Eddie up into his arms and closed his eyes. He didn't have any tears left to shed that night but seeing Eddie like this was enough to force out a few more. The boy was practically hysterical and dear god Richie was giving this boy a panic attack.

When Richie realized what was about to happen he quickly reached around the backpack he had brought to get Eddie's spare inhaler and, as if on cue, Eddie's broken sobs turned into quick hyperventilating and gasps for air. Richie brought it up to his lips and pressed down on it slowly a few times, trying to let Eddie relax for a few seconds.

When Eddie could breathe again he wrapped his arms around Richie's shoulder and pulled him in tighter than thought was possible. The hug perfectly expressed every emotion Eddie was feeling for his friend; except one. He kept his arms around him but pulled his head

back, crashing his lips onto Richie's for a sloppy first kiss, salted by their tears.

That night Eddie refused to let Richie go back home and wouldn't even let him sleep on the small mattress under Eddie's bed that they always pulled out for him. Richie felt a bit upset at this, he felt as though Eddie wouldn't trust him alone but the feeling of his small arms holding him close as he slept on his chest all night long made him forget all about that.

Author's Note:

Hello! I hope you liked that and I hope no one got upset reading it!

Like I said, this is my new angst series! If you have suggestions please comment them down below!

And TAKE NOTE ! ! ! it's not a Reddie series! Which means *trumpets* I will be posting Stenbrough here as well!

ALSO! If you ever want to contact or message me, maybe for help or even for friendship you can message me on Kik at dasgoodshipetinis (I know, weird ass name but I've had it too long to change it), or my Snapchat cooniedann. I really love talking to people so feel free to message me at any time, I love making friends! Or if you're an rper looking for new rp partners I'm in need as well and I loooove to rp some Reddie or Stenbrough! Like I said before though, you can also message me for help or support because I love being there for others and helping in any way I can and I believe I have a lot of experience that can help others :)

Have a lovely day and feel free to comment, I love reading them!